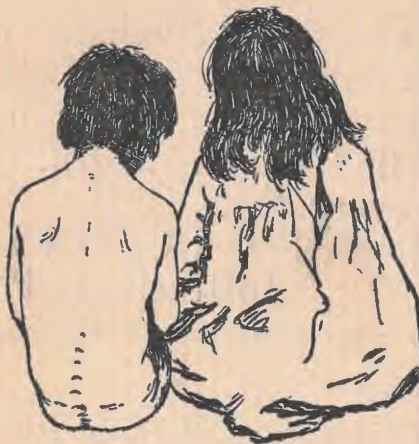
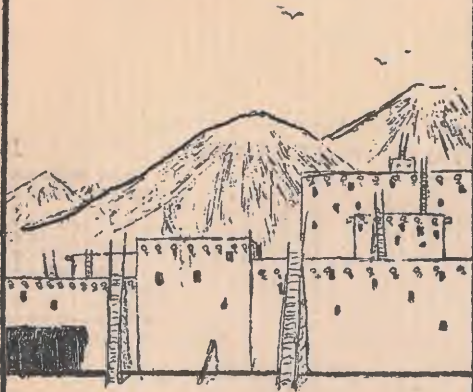


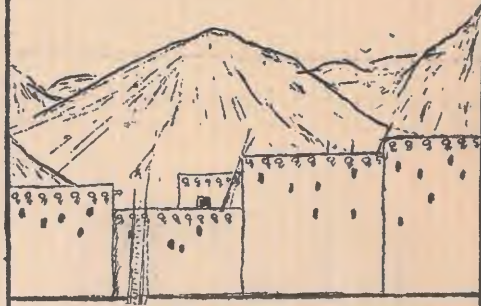
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VOL. I.

No. 6.

MARCH  
1901

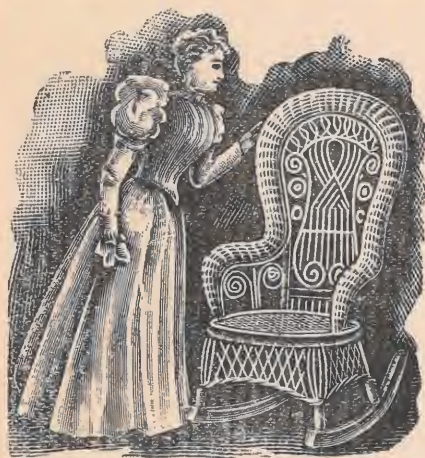
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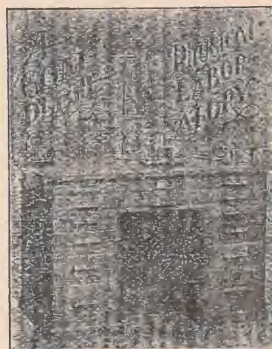


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# THE HETUCK.

VOL. I.

NEWARK, OHIO, MARCH, 1901.

No. 6



## TALKS ON BOOKS



(This is the first of a series of articles.)

We hear the pupils complain—there are no new books in the library to read. Have you read all of the good books—by that I mean also interesting books—that are there? There are at least a thousand.

Ruskin says, "All books may be divided into two classes—books of the hour and books of all time. Yet it is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good that does. There are good books for the hour and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour and bad ones for all time."

The good book of the hour is simply the useful or pleasant talk of a person printed for you, bright accounts of travel, good humored and witty discussions of questions, lively and pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; all these are books of the hour. We ought to be entirely thankful for them and entirely ashamed if we make no good use of them. But if we make the worst possible use, we allow them to usurp the place of true books, for strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Now books have been written in all ages by their greatest men—by leaders, statesmen, thinkers. These are all at your choice, and life is short. You have heard as much before—but do you know if you read his, you cannot read that. What you lose today you cannot gain tomorrow.

Will you gossip with the housemaid or the stable boy when you can talk with kings and queens?

A common book will often give you amusement, but it is only a noble book that will give you dear friends. Every good book is full of admiration and awe, and it always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart.

So although we have not in our libraries many of

the books of the hour—namely the latest novels—we have much of what is best in the literature of the hour in our magazines. There are many of the books for all time on our shelves.

How truly we feel that the people whom Dickens writes about are our friends and how sorry we are to leave them. If we want to laugh, who can make us laugh more heartily than he—and where do we find truer pathos? "A Christmas Carol" is familiar to all of us—but an extract from it may illustrate my meaning:

"Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence—and she laid the cloth assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons. While Master Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes and getting the monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir, in honor of the day) into his mouth rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable park.

"And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onions these young Cratchits danced around the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies—while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes bubbling up knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit, "And your brother, Tiny Tim?"

"And Martha wasn't as late last Christmasday by half an hour."



"'Here's Martha, mother,' said a girl, appearing as she spoke. 'Here's Martha, mother!' cried the two young Cratchits. 'Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!'

"'Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!' said Mrs. Cratchit kissing her a dozen times and taking off her shawl and bonnet with officious zeal. 'We'd a deal of work to finish up last night,' replied the girl, 'and had to clear away this morning, mother.'

"'Well! never mind so long as you are come,' said Mrs. Cratchit. 'Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!'

"'No, no! There's father coming,' cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once, 'Hide, Martha, hide!' So Martha hid herself and in came Little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"'Why, where's our Martha?' cried Bob Cratchit, looking around.

"'Nit coming,' said Mrs. Cratchit.

"'Not coming?' said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way home from church, and had come home rampant. 'Not coming upon Christmas day?'

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only for a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off into the wash house that he might hear the pudding sing in the copper.

"'And how did little Tim behave?' asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"'As good as gold,' said Bob; 'and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me coming home that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men to see.' Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. His active little crutch was heard upon the floor and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted

by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob turning up his cuffs, as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby, compounded some hat mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose with which they soon returned in high procession. Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds—and in truth it was something very like it in that house.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried 'Hurrah!' There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

"Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose some body should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed. Hallo! a great deal of steam, the pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed but smiling proudly, with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard, so firm, smoking hot, ledight with Christ holly stuck into the top. Oh, a wonderful pudding!



Bob Cratchit said and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing. At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up.

"The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges, were put upon the table and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth, and at Bob's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff, and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily.

"Then Bob proposed: 'A merry Christmas to us all, my dears, God bless us!' which all the family echoed.

"'God bless every one,' said Tiny Tim, the last of all."

—A. M. W.

#### BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST.

Nothing had happened at school for two or three days to attract any attention, so when one of the boys came into the club room and called out "A sensation for the next two or three weeks," all jumped up and wanted to know what it was.

"Oh, nothing for us," said Rob, "but you know that there has been a rivalry between Larry Densal and Nelson Caldwell over Elsie Berry. Well, they both want to take her to the basket ball game between the N. H. S. and Denison, and she doesn't want to insult either one, so she said that the one who did the most uncommon thing should take her."

"Now who do you think will win, Rob?" said Henry Cole, as he sat down to his dinner again.

"Why Nelson Caldwell, of course; he is always doing something uncommon. Why, last night he went up on top of the school house with six of the girls, who took lunch up with them, including fudges, for he will do anything for fudges, and when they dared him to sleep up there all night, he said, 'Why, of course, that's nothing.' When the girls came down they told us about it, so we decided we would have some fun. About nine o'clock we went up, having bribed the janitor for the keys, and there he was with his books as a pillow, and trying to go to sleep eating fudges. But for all that let's help Larry along, for he is one of our fellows, and it will do him good to beat Nelson."

When Nelson and Larry left school that evening they were soon surrounded by the boys, who were anxious to know what they were going to do.

Nelson thought he would win, and boasted about it, but Larry tried to think what he could do, for it was very difficult to do anything more uncommon than Nelson could.

As Larry was looking through his Latin grammar for a reference, he came across a piece of paper which had been given to him by his mother for the best dinner on her birthday. "Now I have it," he thought, for as the boys thought it was below their dignity to cook and they would make fun of anyone who would do it, Larry thought that if he could get up an old-fashioned dinner all by himself, he would certainly have some show, so he decided to study up his menu.

Nelson Caldwell did not think that Larry would have any chance of winning, so he did not study up anything, till the day before the contest closed. Then he decided to take a young lady to the show. This young lady was very homely in looks and actions and disliked by everyone. She was a bore to the boys and when they met her on the street, they paid no attention to her. This he thought would win the prize, so he told the boys he was going to do his uncommon act that night. All were expecting something unusual, so when he stepped out of the carriage with this young lady they gave him the "High school yell," and that night after the show they serenaded him.

The next day all were congratulating him and told him he was sure to win, but they didn't know what was coming.

As Friday afternoon was a holiday, Larry thought that to give his dinner at 1 o'clock would be just the thing, so he put the invitations on the favored ones' desks, Nelson and Elsie included.

When the guests sat down they found a menu at each plate. This was now it read:

Bread and Butter (any kind of spread.)		
Mashed Potatoes.	Chicken and Gravy.	
Celery and Radishes.		
Pumpkin and Peach Pie.		
Coffee.	Tea.	Milk.
Peaches or Pears.	Marble Cake.	
All Prepared by Myself.		

This was enough; they all declared it was the best meal they had tasted; even Nelson said it was better than he had eaten at the "Great Southern."

Of course this couldn't be kept a secret, so that evening at the game, Larry and Elsie were the centre of attraction.

—M. Q.





## FIVE MINUTE TALKS—VI



F. MARTIN TOWNSEND

If I could take a college course again, and could make my choice of a university in the light of my present information and experience, I should select Oxford, England. I wonder that not more Americans go there rather than to Germany and France. In the latter countries students are handicapped for a year while learning the foreign language, and afterwards do not fully appreciate all the niceties of expression conveyed by the alien tongue. It is no cheaper to study on the continent than at Oxford. There are continental schools possibly essential to specialists, perhaps I better say desirable; but for general culture I think Oxford is pre-eminent.

Other universities have grander, newer buildings, and perhaps better equipment; their professors are quite as scholarly; in point of attendance some excel. But more than bricks and mortar, a distinguished faculty, or even stupendous statistics of enrollment, is necessary to develop the true scholar. What is termed the "atmosphere" of an institution of learning is a decisive factor in promoting the spirit of study. Now, Oxford has the real "atmosphere," and plenty of it. There one is so situated with reference to the past and the present that he can properly interpret both, and so be best prepared for the future.

For one thing, you can learn English at Oxford. It is indeed the well of English undefiled. Such rare choice of diction, accent, and enunciation can scarcely be noted elsewhere. What most surprises the American visitor at the outset is this prevailing excellence of speech among all classes. It is like listening to sweetest music just to hear the waitress that serves him in a restaurant specify the dishes on the bill of fare. The vergers in the many churches and chapels; the ushers at the college gates; the drivers of the street-cars; the porters in the hotels, have rich tones of voice and elegant diction. The chatter of the school children, boys and girls alike, as one hears it in the street, is like the singing of birds. This may sound like rhapsody; I know of no better comparison however, and seek no exaggeration.

Oxford is redolent with ten centuries of history. One can almost live again through the epochs of

England's rise and development as a nation. Alfred the Great set on foot the town's pre-eminence as an educational center. To him is attributed the founding of its oldest college, which bears the official name, The University. Tradition goes that Memphric, King of the Britons, built the city in the 109th year before Christ. In 449, A. D., the Saxons burnt it, and so did the Danes in 879 and 1032. Latimer, Ridley and Cranmer, the three prelates, were tried and condemned in St. Mary's church, and then burned at the stake in the reign of Mary Tudor. Under the chancel floor of this church lies the body of Amy Robsart. Charles I. made Oxford his headquarters in the Civil War, and in Christ Church Cathedral may be seen the royal throne he occupied there when at his devotions, together with his prayer book. Soldiers of Cromwell smashed many of the treasures of carved stone and pictured glass, and the wreck of these despoilers may still be seen in places. The great Bodleian library was established by Humphrey, the son of Henry IV. St. Michael's Church was built by the Saxons, and is in daily use even now. New College was founded by William of Wykeham, in 1379, and after more than five hundred years its stately buildings remain as they were designed by their munificent projector. Cardinal Woolsey built Christ Church House, and his effigy is above its portal just where he placed it. John Wesley was a fellow of Lincoln College, and there began a religious society nicknamed by its opponents "Methodist," but known in England by the name of "Wesleyan," in memory of its founder. Its extension in America, under the name of "Methodist Episcopal," is one of the greatest religious movements witnessed in the New World. Brasenose College, founded 1509, has for its name a corruption of brassen-hus, or brewery, having been built on the site of such an institution. King Edward II. founded Oriel College in 1326. To enumerate all the buildings and other monuments of historic interest needs the space of many pages of small type.

Oxford has always been the centre of theological study and disputation in England. Indeed, its earliest colleges were established for the training of



priests. William Tyndale, whose translation of the Bible in English is the basis of the later editions, was an Oxford scholar. Edward Bouverie Pusey, the most learned of England's theologians of the nineteenth century, lies buried beneath the nave of the cathedral. Cardinal Newman, when a priest of the Church of England, was the vicar of St. Mary's.

Altogether, there are about thirty colleges at Oxford, some of them of recent origin, supported by bequests and endowments, just as most American colleges are sustained. Most of these colleges receive only a few students at a time, the capacity of one being thirty. Generally, the students lodge in the time-worn dormitories, which are picturesque at least, and they eat in the grand dining halls, massive and quaint as Gothic churches, sumptuous in their wealth of carved oak beams and panels. At nine of the night, "Great Tom," a bell of mediaeval casting, weighing 18,000 pounds, tolls 101 strokes from the tower on the gateway of Christ Church quadrangle, as a curfew signal for the closing of all the college gates. The lawns and meadows about the colleges are famed for their rich turf, the product of centuries of care and growth, and on some tame deer disport. Beside the college flows the clean and rippling little stream, the Isis, which is really the upper Thames. Every student learns to pull an oar in a racing scull on this classic brook. The city's name, Oxford, refers to the ancient crossing of this water by carts on the way to London, from which the distance is perhaps ninety miles direct.

The alumni of Oxford form a galaxy of noted names. Space permits a mention merely of Christopher Wren, Bishop Ken, Sidney Smith, Blackstone, Wycliffe, Edward the Black Prince, Addison, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Heber, Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Keble, Dr. Arnold, Canon Liddon, Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Robert Peel, John Locke, Canning, Ben Jonson, Sir Philip Sydney, Samuel Johnson, Whitefield, De Quincey, Archbishop Laud, Cardinal Manning, Robert Browning, Cardinal Newman and the poet Young.

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Courtesy in business is all right, but the undertaker isn't apt to make a friend of the person to whom he says, "I shall be pleased to serve you again."

---

He that loadeth a cigar sometimes smoketh it himself.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

"Men may come and men may go  
But I go on forever."—The High School.

\* \* \* \*

#### CLASS OF 1899.

Fay Cross, nee Criswell, lives in Dallas, Texas.  
Della Cochran is teaching school.  
Esther Veach is attending the O. S. U.  
Katherine Suter is in the office of Dr. Hatch.  
Ida Henry, a contingent teacher.  
Clara McDonald is attending Shepardson college.  
Ralph Davis is interested in the Licking Creamery.  
Guy Jones is at Denison.  
Will Youse is agent for an insurance company.  
Walter Flory is winning laurels at Denison.  
Albert Zartman attends the O. S. U.  
Harold Kemp is employed in the drafting department of the Jewett Car Works.  
Charles Wells has been elected County Surveyor.

\* \* \* \*

#### CLASS OF 1900.

Ada Brooks is in the office of Dr. McCullough.  
Daisy Burner is about to study for a nurse.  
Florence Daugherty is in Zanesville.  
Della Farabee is at the Warden.  
Ethel Frye is a contingent teacher.  
Mary Fulton is at Shepardson.  
Bessie Glenn is still in Newark.  
Grace Gorby is studying to be a teacher.  
Mary Jones is at Shepardson.  
Jessie King is making herself useful at home.  
Ada Leedale is book-keeper at Bailey & Keeley's.  
Julia McCune is at Shepardson, but expects to go to Boston in April to study art.  
Neva Moore is at school in Cleveland.  
Claren O'Bannon decorates the home with her presence.  
May Russel is teaching school.  
Minnie Siler is at Meyer Bros.  
Lillian Franklin is studying domestic science.  
Harold Bartholomew is in an insurance office.  
Hugh Frye hasn't been heard from, but we think he is in some secluded spot studying Homer's Illiad.  
Bernard Graham is in Johnson's drug store.  
Arthur Gray is at Emerson's.  
Lee Gutridge is teaching school in the country.  
Ada Follett is studying kindergarten work.  
Ben Montgomery works for his father.  
John Shrock goes to O. S. U.  
Frank Webb's merry voice rings out over the boards at Norris' lumber yard.



## THE HETUCK.

A Monthly Magazine, Published by the Seniors of the  
High School, Newark, Ohio.

### EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Business Manager.....HOWARD E. BRILLHART  
Secretary and Treasurer.....FRED METZ

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Press of the Advocate Printing Co., Newark, Ohio



We wish to extend our thanks to Miss Ida Moore  
who so kindly designed the covers of the previous  
magazines and to Mr. George Deibert who designed  
the March cover.

A unique window has been erected in the parish  
church of Clacton-on-Sea to the memory of one of  
the imperial yeomanry who died in a hospital at  
Heilbron. In striking colors it represents the Sav-  
ior conversing with a group of figures, among whom  
are a soldier in khaki, a Red Cross nurse, a man-of-  
war's man and a Zulu chief.

The Seniors will soon be busy with their com-  
mencement essays, as they are generally put off un-  
til the last minute. These essays are supposed to  
be in by the first of April. The pupils who are to  
speak commencement will be privately informed of  
the fact. There will be about eight speakers, chosen  
upon their merits in oratory.

On St. Patrick's Day the loyal Irishman's heart  
rejoices and his breast swells with patriotism. It  
is on this day that the men and boys wear their  
green neckties and shamrocks, while the girls robe  
themselves in their green gowns—if by luck they  
have any. Glancing about the school room, we see  
this emblematic green and we are afraid that in all  
who wear it does not flow the Irish blood.

The Licking County Agricultural Society has for  
some time past been granted an annual free schol-  
arship at the Ohio State University. This scholar-  
ship has been obtained by different people in the  
county whom the board saw fit to bestow it upon.  
Any one may apply for it, the only stipulation being  
that the application be filed with the Secretary, J.  
M. Farmer, by the first Saturday of April.

The High school of Toledo, Ohio, has made ar-  
rangements for an interstate scholastic athletic con-  
test to be held here during the last week of June and  
a large number of high school teams of Ohio, Michi-  
gan and Indiana have already signified their inten-  
tion of entering. The teams will contest in the fol-  
lowing events: 100 yards dash, 220 yards dash, 120  
yards hurdle, 220 yards hurdle, 440 yards run, 800  
yards run, one mile run, one mile walk, running  
broad jump, running high jump, pole vault, shot put  
and hammer throw (16 pound hammer and shot).

It seems queer that some of the High school pupils  
should be so indifferent about writing articles for  
Hetuck. They are all ready to read and enjoy—  
perhaps to criticise articles written by others, but  
when it comes to writing themselves—they fail.  
Some are very good about writing—these have our  
hearty thanks—for it seems that the work falls on  
the shoulders of a few. We wish to impress it upon  
the minds of the pupils that The Hetuck is a school  
magazine and that all their efforts will be duly ap-  
preciated. Articles are growing scarcer and scarcer,  
and it is feared that if they do not soon grow more  
abundant the pages of the magazine will have to be  
diminished. Hand in your articles—do not wait to  
be teased or coaxed for them.

The simplest truths are the strongest.



## POTPOURRI

The past month has seen some busy times in the High school. The pupils have had many things to divert their minds from their lessons. We really think that at times we could dispense with so much outside work, to the vast improvement of the insides of our pupils' heads.

We have, however, had many opportunities for improvement, outside the regular curriculum.

Rev. Mr. Faulconer gave a most excellent talk, as did also Rev. Cornell and Rev. English. Dr. Sperry also appeared in our chapel and gave us an interesting and instructive address.

The pictures shown by Col. French were intensely interesting and his visit certainly forms an epoch in the history of the school children.

One thing which can not fail to impress our pupils is the intense earnestness displayed by our visitors in speaking to us. The polished speech of Rev. Faulconer in which he exhorted us to make good use of our time—the less polished but if possible more intense and earnest exhortation of Rev. Cornell, in speaking of his lack of early opportunity, and his regrets. These speeches could not but impress pupils. Let us hope that each one will take to heart and appreciate all that has been spoken from the chapel platform the past month.

\* \* \* \*

We desire each pupil in the High school to read two articles in the March number of the World's Work. One is on character as an element of credit,

by Lindsay Dennison. It is entitled "A Borrower as a Banker Sees Him." The other article is on "The Progress of Honesty," by Henry Grafton Chapman.

No one should fail to read these. They are full of suggestions and go to show the intrinsic value of a good name.

\* \* \* \*

As the years go by we see a greater and greater desire on the part of High school pupils to initiate college customs and ways. If there is any good to be derived from "frats," "teams," "rushes," "yells," etc., we think it requires an older and more discriminating mind to get that good, than is found in the ordinary High school. If these things are simply puerile and not productive of good, the sooner they run their course the better for all concerned.

We believe in High school athletics and always support them. We do not believe in High school Frats and shall oppose them.

\* \* \* \*

When the Columbus boys were here a short time ago, we had a pleasant visit from two members of the team. They desired to see our work in physics, and were much interested in the laboratory. This is a spirit we like to see. They were after something more than a good time and a victory. Their enthusiasm for basket ball had not swamped their appreciation for something new in the line of work in which they were engaged. We love such boys, and are always glad to show them around.

### GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The High school has long felt the need of a gymnasium, not only for the boys, but for the girls as well. The students have organized two teams for playing basket ball during the winter months and tennis or golf in the summer. The proceeds of their energies to go toward a gymnasium for the High school girls.

The pupils are earnest indeed and are putting forth every effort to make the undertaking a success. A play, "The Veneered Savage," will be given on Tuesday, March 26, the proceeds of which will be used as a nucleus for this fund. The play is an attractive little comedy in two acts. It gives an account of Americans who go abroad and astonish the

nobility by their stories of the herds of buffalo in Chicago and especially around the Palmer House. The play is written by Grace Livingston Furniss. The cast is as follows:

Lou Dayton, a Chicago belle.....Lucile Harrington  
Madge Dayton, her younger sister.....Ida Moore  
Dick Majendi, cousin to sisters.....Roy Hartshorn  
Duchess of Diddlesex.....Shirley Pitser  
Lady Fanny, her daughter, a silent young person  
.....Ruth Speer  
Lord Algernon Penrhyn, a still more silent young  
person.....Howard Brillhart

Admission to evening performance 25 cents, including reserved seat. Seat sale commences Friday, March 22 at Stewart's drug store. A matinee will be given Saturday, March 30. Admission, 10 cents.





## WILSON'S DEFEAT



I was walking liesurely along the street a short time ago, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a hearty slap on the shoulder, and a "Hello John. How's the world with you today?" I turned to see my old friend and classmate, Wilson Riley, standing beside me.

Wilson is one of those ambitious, benevolent, free spirited fellows, who are in sympathy with all their associates and indulge in all their manly sports, but he possesses one characteristic that no one can understand. A professed student of the Bible could not be more familiar with or better employ in his conversation the rich quotations from it than he, but when Sunday came all the entreaties of his friends, the angelic implorations of his mother, or the earnest solicitations of a minister, were not sufficient to induce him to attend church.

The time was fast approaching when we would be obliged to dissolve our clubs and choose some vocation among the great bustling throngs of the world.

Wilson had often acknowledged to me that he was conscious that his future success in business or professional life would depend upon his morality, honesty and sound judgment in the early part of his career, and had assured me that his aim was to attain to the highest degree in each respect; but his fond mother was always discouraging him and telling him he could never attain to that perfection unless he went to church and confessed Christ.

He had failed to appear at any of our club meetings for some time, and we were getting our goat polished up to give him another ride for unfaithfulness when he came back. I would meet him day after day, and each day he seemed duller than the day before, but today his face was afl sunshine and his eyes dancing so, that I thought he must have struck a gold mine, but at first he said nothnig.

Soon he began: "Say, George, I'm like a nightingale shut up in a dark cage, and if I don't get out of this oppressive condition, and get to tell some one what's in my heart, I shall die. You've always taken my aces and carried me off 4 to 0 in our debates, now I'll let you enjoy my most decisive defeat yet."

And this, as near as I can relate it, is what he told me:

He had spent many sleepless nights over his mother's prophecies concerning his future destiny, and careful consideration aroused a determination to examine every business or profession in his native city, and after investigating these behind closed doors and when open to the public, to place his fortune on the track that carried as its freight the grandest characteristics for the making of a noble manhood; but he resolved to leave the church as the last resort, and if the good would not balance the evil in any calling outside the church, he would then give it a call; for he had never looked upon a minister but as a man needing pity.

His first day of investigation brought him to Judge Ford's law office. He had always known the Judge, and, as he sat there, his mind engaged in its usual work, he was free to sum up the grand life and deeds that had won for this man his present distinction. Presently the Judge jumped up and said, "We've a hard case down in court today. You'd better come down." This afforded just the opportunity he was seeking and they proceeded.

At the beginning of the trial every thing seemed to be tending in the criminal's favor, but presently the Judge, before so calm, now roused like a caged lion, said: "Now, look here, young man, you have taken the oath, but we all know that you're a liar; and since you know you have taken that which was not rightfully yours, confess the truth, and though the law take its course, you can be right with your God. For as surely as God said, 'Ye shall not swear falsely by my name,' so surely shall you stand before a more awful Judge than I, and the penalty inflicted will not last a few brief years, but through all eternity." Whether guilty or innocent, those words, which made the trembling criminal's blood curdle, brought him to confession, and he left the court room believing, yet doubtingt, the justice of such a process.

Wilson's next experience was with respect to the cigar manufactory, where stockholders are accumulating fortunes. On the first street corner he passed was a group of wrecked humanity breathing the last remnant of their shattered fortunes into the air, and further on a group of boys, each with a cigarette in his mouth, was filling the "devil's workshop" so full



of poison that you could find in this group at least sufficient to poison a whole city, and he thought as he walked along, "The Devil must have been privileged to put that venomous weed on this beautiful earth, for it is surely none of God's work. If it is, he never meant we should use it in this way."

He went on to tell how luckily he had chanced into the doctor's office on Sunday morning. The throng was passing along the street, each person going to his respective church; but the physician, his powerful mind, his all, was with that patient. Had he no sympathy? Though his muscles were as steady as clock-work, his heart was like wax. He was all sympathy.

I saw he was going to keep on about this doctor, and I couldn't see where the defeat would come in then, for that physician was too much like himself. He carried out God's requirements in regard to upright living in about the same way that Wilson did, but he could not see the necessity of church going. So I said: "Well, Wilson, you've held out pretty fine without being defeated."

"John, now you're not to have the laugh twice, so I'll let them kill the sentinel and take the flag right here," and he proceeded to tell me that after two weeks' experience he decided to stroll out into the county and while in that pure atmosphere to sum up the results of his investigations, but he had not gone far when he came to a small building by the roadside, and hearing people talking within, his curiosity was aroused to know what kind of an election was going on in there—as he supposed it was one of the usual country election houses. His hand had scarcely touched the door knob, however, when a sweet faced woman opened the door and going close to him, whispered, "We are so delighted to see young men interested in their souls' salvation," and immediately conducted him to a front seat. He could do nothing but sit down and listen to the minister, who was in the heat of his sermon. His whole soul was in his words. He was putting forth all his energy, and as he closed his sermon and the congregation entered into the spirit of a hymn something like this, "We are resting, sweetly resting," Wilson became lost in thought, but suddenly awakening abruptly, left the church, thinking that if he was going to let his surroundings overmaster him, a great gust of wind would come along some day, and scatter him to the four corners of the earth. He hastened from the place and resolved not to think of these things again, but the farther he went, the

more thickly his thoughts crowded upon him, until he became so entangled that he was obliged to stop and let them work their way out of the labyrinth. He could think of that minister only as a stockholder in a grand corporation which no rival had yet been able to close, having the love and sympathy of his co-operators and owing allegiance to the great King—God. He concluded by saying: "John, I believe I will follow my mother's advice, and take my stock in that corporation." O. F. S., '02.

#### A HAY RIDE OVER THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

One beautiful moonlight evening in July a party of young people decided to take a hay ride over the Allegheny mountains. After some of the boys had purchased two large bark wagons and four mules they told us to be ready for they would be after us at 8 o'clock sharp.

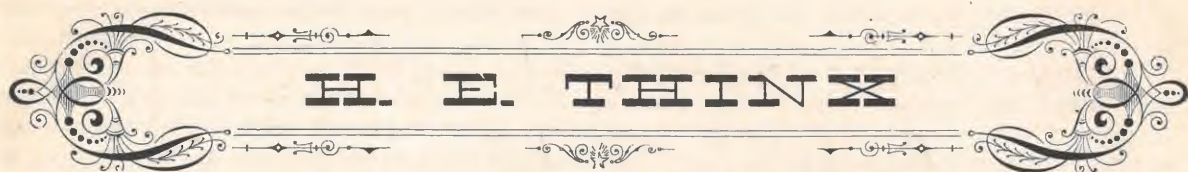
The wagons were about three and a half feet deep filled with hay and straw.

We had cow-bells, horns, and nearly everything to make a noise. When we had gone about a mile I began to wish I was home once again, for it was bump, bump, all the time, and I don't believe we ever passed over a smooth piece of land. While riding around the mountain we happened to see a strange looking animal. We were all frightened, thinking it was a wolf or a wildcat, but as we approached nearer and nearer, we found it to be a sheep which had been lost from a flock. While riding on farther we discovered a camp of woodmen, who were lying on the ground unprotected from the heat and the rain. To me they looked like tramps camping. We commenced making a noise when we were 10 miles from home, and while coming around the mountain a farmer who disliked our serenading began to shoot at us, thinking he could scare us, but all was in vain, but were informed by the driver that we must be careful, for the farmers were very unkind to strangers.

At last we reached our place of destination, tired and worn out. Finding the people asleep we aroused them from their slumbers. Being invited in we partook of their hospitality.

The evening was spent with music and games. We started on our return about two o'clock in the morning to enjoy our bump, bump, which as you can imagine was not at all pleasant. Being covered with hay and having hay seed in our hair we were glad to receive rest after our long ride. B. M. S., '02.





Some people think more of other people's faults than of their own merits.

Some people are taught a lot—and never learn. Some people learn a lot—and are never taught.

A line of self depreciation usually carries a hook for flattery.

Most people don't like to play second fiddle, but few like to work hard enough to play first.

The door is a very small part of a house, but it's where you go in. A kindness may be very small but it's apt to get you in the everlasting remembrance of the one befriended.

The man in his shirt sleeves often has more clothes than the one with an overcoat on.

Some people are never appreciated because they're so far above the rest of the world that it can't even look up and see them.

A deep cut leaves a lasting scar. A word often cuts so deep that try as we will, deserve as we will, its cut can never be effaced. It remains forever as a scar on the memory.

The best books are often bound badly. You can't judge by the covering.

The man who is always telling about his ancestors usually won't deserve telling about himself.

Pretty boxes are often empty. Boxes and men are much alike.

It is not the outspoken, high voiced deviltry that ruins youth. It's the sly glance, the insinuating word, the enticing hint that lead to "steps that take hold on Hell."

"If I only had a chance!" "If I could only get out of this town, could go some place where there's something for a young man to do, I'd show them."

That, in substance, is the bewailment of the average young man: "If he only had a chance!"

They've never analyzed it, and probably don't ad-

mit it even to themselves, but right down in their hearts they believe that all they need is a great opportunity, to which they will grandly rise, and on which they will be borne to fame and honor.

Put these young men down face to face with some great opportunity, and 99 out of a 100 of them would run away from it, or borrow someone else's microscope to hunt its flaws.

About 1 in 1000 would really make anything out of it.

But because these young men don't get a chance at such an opportunity, they either stand around and do nothing, or, if they have a position, do not attend to their work with interest or care, bestowing upon it no thought, and allowing their minds to wander off to the Elysian fields of future conquest. And so the little things slip by them, the steps to strength remain untraveled, and they either are turned out as worthless workers, or, if the "opportunity" does come to them, they are entirely unprepared for it, and fail.

The battle of Manila didn't make George Dewey a hero; the Emancipation Proclamation didn't secure Abraham Lincoln a place in history; the battle of Waterloo didn't make the Duke of Wellington a conqueror.

If George Dewey hadn't kept his ship better than other men, if he hadn't watched the little things for years, if he hadn't learned the details—the battle of Manila would not have left him the country's idol. If Abraham Lincoln hadn't split logs better than other boys, if he hadn't studied harder and observed more carefully, if he hadn't done everything better as a man, his hands would never have been trained to write the words that set free a race, and effected the greatest revolution ever enacted in America. If Wellington hadn't done the little things well, he would never have known the idolatry of a nation, for without them he could never have accomplished his "opportunity."

An opportunity is but a collection of little things—of seeming trifles, but it is only the man who has conquered the parts who can master the whole; it is only the man who has mounted slowly the steps of little tasks well done who can stand firmly balanced on its summit, and conquer an opportunity.

And little things aren't any more easily conquered in New York than they are in Newark.





## Antiquities of Licking County



The "Old Fort" in Idlewilde park is one of the first objects of interest toward which the attention of newcomers to the city of Newark is directed, and it well deserves to be considered one of the principal attractions. The octagon and circle two miles west of the city in the State Encampment Grounds, are also well known to everybody in the vicinity. But the extent of the series of earthworks of which the above mentioned inclosures are the principal ones, is not so well understood by the younger people of our city. Of the hundreds of persons who pass the corner of Sixth and Church streets, it is probable that very few are aware that there is an ancient mound in the old cemetery. That such is a fact is vouched for by Mr. J. M. Shrock, and the statement that it was thrown up at the time the cemetery was abandoned is erroneous.

That Cherry Valley was a favorite resort of the mound builders, and in all probability a central point inhabited by that numerous race whose history is unknown, is proved beyond doubt by the size, extent and variety of the works which were found here by the pioneers a century ago. In addition to the "Old Fort" and the octagon, an extensive group of tumuli, inclosures and parallel embankments covered a region nearly two miles square lying between the South and Raccoon forks of Licking river. The surrounding hills were dotted over with these ancient works, and indeed almost the entire county shows evidence of the activity of the "lost race." It is estimated by one of the pioneers that Licking county contained at least four or five hundred of the ten thousand mounds in the Buckeye state. Many have disappeared during the past century through cultivation of the soil and by grading of railroads, streets and building lots.

These ancient works, in which was found all the evidence that throws light on the history of this mysterious people, have been classified according to the uses for which they are supposed to have been erected. They are grouped into the general classes of mounds, effigies and inclosures, and nearly all the various subdivisions of these were found within the limits of this county.

The class of mounds is subdivided into sepulchral,

sacrificial, temple and memorial or monumental; also mounds of observation. Most of them are built of earth, some of stone, and a few of both earth and stone.

Sepulchral mounds are quite abundant. They are of conical shape, and contain skeletons which are usually near the level of the original surface. In one case only were skeletons found below the original surface level. Mr. Shrock, who helped to excavate many of these mounds, states that charcoal was found in all of them, and human bones in nearly all. Sometimes charred skeletons were found, indicating either the use of fire in burial rites, or the practice of offering human sacrifice. Usually the skeletons were found lying horizontal, but occasionally remains were found having the appearance of a heap of skeletons thrown together pell mell and then burned. The skeletons examined by this gentleman are described as being those of persons of ordinary size. Tools of stone and flint, and copper heads were among the articles found, the flint weapons being of the same character as Indian arrowheads. There were also implements of hematite, and at least one specimen of quartz crystal rounded to conical shape. Sometimes conical mounds are found within enclosures. In Franklin township, a short distance north of Amsterdam, there was an enclosed group of three, two being constructed of stone. The largest one was forty-five feet in diameter and about twenty-five feet in height, and contained several skeletons of persons of large size. There was a stone mound one mile south of Jacksontown, in Licking township, which measured 183 feet in diameter at the base and between thirty and forty feet in height. It has been nearly leveled by the removal of many hundred wagon-loads of stone, which were used for building purposes and in the construction of the reservoir. A tolerably well preserved coffin containing a skeleton, together with a quantity of beads and trinkets, was found in it a number of years ago. This mound was built of unhammered stone, and Hon. Isaac Smucker, who was well informed on the subject, pronounced it the largest stone mound of which he had any knowledge.

About a quarter of a century ago, Professor Marsh,



of Yale College, made a careful scientific examination of an earth mound on the plank road between Newark and Jacksontown. A large quantity of material was found, consisting in part of ash s, charcoal flint, a broken limestone pipe, pieces of a limestone tube, a string of copper beads, numbering more than a hundred, shell beads, layers of burned clay, lance and arrow-heads, six hand axes of hematite and greenstone, hatchet, chisel, flint crappers, five bone bodkins, from three to six inches long, an implement for molding pottery, a vessel of coarse pottery, fragments of a vase, a whistle made from a bear's tooth, bones of various wild animals including rabbit, woodchuck, wolf, deer and elk, and seventeen human skeletons, in whole or in part. Although this mound contained so large a variety of articles no trace was found of remains of domestic animals.

In Washington township, two miles south of Utica, was a mound seventy-five feet in circumference at the base and fourteen feet high. To a height of six feet it was of earth, upon which was placed a layer of stone eight feet in thickness. The stones are flat and vary in weight from two to twenty pounds, and were apparently gathered from the surface of the surrounding country. Within this mound portions of two skeletons were found, including portions of the skull and teeth.

Many other mounds of this class, some of large size, are found in the county, but a description of all of them would occupy too much space.

—F. C. D.

(To be continued.)

#### Little Children as Seen by the World's Famous Painters.

The masters in painting are never greater than when their pencils are busy making likenesses of little children. In olden times it was first the exclusive privilege of the children of the great to receive the attention of the great artists, because their parents could pay well for the service. But later the artist found that there was often more in the face of a child than in that of a man or woman, and they gladly availed themselves of every opportunity to get children to sit for them.

The old masters found one child chiefly worthy of being painted. Yet that child, the infant Jesus, was really caught from a thousand different children that the artist saw every day.

It was not until toward the close of the 18th cen-

tury that the picturing of the children for the power and innocence or the character that lay in their faces, became common. Then some of the great artists, a Reynolds in England, and several painters in France, found their greatest pleasure in painting portraits of children. As one looks at these pictures one can not fail to see that a painting is a revelation of character, while a photograph merely catches a glimpse of the external child.

Every parent knows how changeable is the outward seeming of his son or daughter, and it is the painter alone who is able to put into his picture something of this variability which indicates the child's beneath.

Reynolds' angels are the picture of a single child, taken from five different points of view. Where some see the picturesqueness of rags and dirt, the English school finds it in feature and expression, while others, as Reynolds, Lawrence and Romney, have realized this ideal in their characteristic portraits of children.

The stiffness and unnaturalness of the earlier portraits of little king and dukes and duchesses is gone, and there is natural thoughtfulness or dreaminess or real mirth of the child such as we meet on the street every day. The eyes of their subjects are lost in dreams or contemplations, or a gentle smile gives life to the expression.

The artist of the later English school lays on his colors with lavish hands, to catch the varying tints of the romping, healthful child. And it is no easy task to reproduce the bloom of the cheek, and the flash of the eye, never seen in grown man or woman. When a painter wishes to picture happiness pure and unalloyed, he goes, perforce, to the child. Is it the joy of living, the joy of looking out upon a fresh new world, the gladness that is reflected in the pure soul of the child which makes these pictures the favorite at every exhibition and in every gallery?

There is realism and idealism in the picture of the child, for the painter who would catch the soul of the child by the touch of his brush must see far deeper than the blooming cheek. Bee T., '01.

Mary Prior—Say, girls, for two days I have received an electrical shock in zoology class from putting my elbow on Harry's knee!

Girls—Electrical shock?

Mary—Yes, you know all Piggs have some electricity.



## NEED OF A DEBATING SOCIETY.

Why is a debating society not organized in our school, which although up-to-date in all other departments, does not possess this very essential feature of a modern high school.

It is certainly not on account of a lack of material, for we pride ourselves on the very high intellectual standard of our pupils, and there can be no question about the usefulness of such a department, for practice in debate is a most valuable accomplishment inasmuch as it cultivates the faculty of rapid and ready speech. The skillful debator must be able to use his tongue without his pen; to talk and think while upon his feet. This habit is acquired especially by practice in extemporaneous debating. If there is a form of human expression which triumphs over all others and which calls into play the whole force of him who employs it, it is the art of the persuasive, commanding speaker and no other accomplishment is a surer passport to wealth and fame.

Debate was one of the most cultivated accomplishments of the first people of whom we know anything through history and indeed many of our finest epics are little else than debate. The first book of the Iliad is not much more than a record of tumultuous debates and these not always full in accord with the rules laid down in Cushing's Manual. Themistocles, Demosthenes, Cicero and Caesar were debators of high rank. The first recorded speech of Lincoln is a debate. Also from the research for a prepared debate is gained many facts, which it is more than likely would never otherwise be obtained and by extemporaneous debating one is taught to think quickly and to put those thoughts into simple, concise sentences.

Thus one acquires fluency in public speaking and rids himself of that natural embarrassment which so hinders his first attempts at oratory.

The debating society has been the school of a large percentage of our great orators and statesmen. It was here that Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett, and Charles Sumner learned to think quickly and clearly and to give vent to those forcible utterances which afterwards so absolutely swayed public opinion in their day.

Now since there are so many sound and practical reasons for it and we have good assembly rooms with the permission of the Board of Education to use them, and since no teacher would or could consistently oppose it, I see no reason why a debating society should not be organized. —H. E. B., '01.

## CARROLL'S STORE

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The Latest and Best

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Fine Gloves, Exquisite Perfumes, Swell Hosiery, Beautiful Chiffon Boas, Pretty Handkerchiefs, Handsome Belts, Elegant Toilet Articles, Stylish Jackets—all dainty and pretty enough to appeal to the most refined tastes and at prices not beyond what is often asked for ordinary things.

---

JOHN J. CARROLL.





## LOCALS



The High school pupils are now using the new song books.



The class in Senior grammar had their final test and have now taken up history.



The zoology class had a test on the butterfly, slipper animalcule, amoeba, hydra and the sponge on March 4th.



The total enrollment of pupils now reaches 3,114, distributed as follows: primary, 2,026; grammar, 834; high, 254.



Mr. Humes in his work in the commercial department has shown that he has a keen eye for notes. For particulars ask Erle and Hallie.



The zoology pupils are very much interested in their work and fully appreciate the trouble Mr. Donecker takes in regard to specimens.



The Juniors have obtained permission from the Board for the use of the High school grounds to give a lawn fete the last of May.



The class in zoology have been enjoying the study of salt water specimens, obtained from the Biological Laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.



Rev. Johnson, English and Cornell visited chapel March 1. Addresses were made by Messrs. English and Cornell who have been holding meetings at the Methodist church.



The Seniors have been looking over samples for commencement invitations. The gentleman representing Qualey & Co. did not receive a very pleasant reception—for various reasons.

The first section of the zoology class dissected an owl March 7th.



Mr. Donecker wrote a most interesting article for the March number of the "Ohio Teacher."



Dr. Lyman Beecher Sperry, of Oberlin, Ohio, addressed the High school pupils February 28th. His remarks were excellent and ones which will not soon be forgotten by the students.



Mr. Humes took the solar lantern and showed the sophomores some beautiful pictures projected from microscopic specimens. These will be continued from time to time through the semester.



The Juniors have decided upon their class pin. It is to be gold open work, in the form of a shield, with the letters "N. H. S." and the year "1902" upon it. Mr. Stinger of this city, is to do the work.



E. F. COLLINS

Optician and Jeweler. Y. M. C. A. building.



On the morning of February 26, Rev. Frank Granstaff, accompanied by Revs. Faulconer and Thomas, conducted chapel exercises. Rev. Faulconer made a noble talk to the pupils and all were delighted with the sweet singing of Mr. Thomas.



The lecture given by Col. French proved a great success. The attendance of paid pupils was 3400, of free pupils 350, and of adults 350. The schools made over a hundred dollars for the framing of pictures. Mr. French went directly to Cleveland, where he will probably remain until the first of June.



The school boys and girls of Elmer, N. J., are up in arms because Principal Rowland says, "No more Copenhagen." He caught the youngsters at recess. The parents declare there is no harm in it, and the girls say the principal is a crusty old bachelor, and that the kind of kisses the boys give in the game "don't count."—Enquirer.



About thirty of the High school pupils accompanied by four of the teachers attended the Liquid Air lecture which was given at Granville Tuesday evening, March 10. Not only was it an enjoyable evening, but one of instruction as well. The lecture was most interesting, many wonderful experiments being made to show the properties and power of liquid air.



For the best hair cut and shave call at A. P. Teusher's.



Another game lost. The Newark High school basket ball team was defeated by the Springfield team Friday evening, March 8th. The sympathies of the referee, a former resident of Springfield, seemed to be enlisted with the team from that city, his decisions, like the handle on the jug, being all on one side. The report of the game in one of the city papers, gives the impression that it was from the able(?) pen of the referee himself.

#### A PLEA FOR A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

As the subject of a Public Library has been agitated in the city papers of late, it seems appropriate that we also should make our appeal in behalf of this important movement.

It is true that our schools and Sunday schools have small collections of books, but these are not accessible to the greater number of the citizens of Newark. The Ladies' Circulating Library also has quite a large number of books, but since it is open only from 2 to 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoons, and as a membership fee of two dollars per year is charged, it is taken advantage of by only a few.

Nor is it possible for these small libraries to acquire so large a number of books as one under the direction of the city would be able to obtain.

In a city the size of Newark we should have quite an extensive library. It has been suggested that some of the rooms of the Auditorium be used for this purpose, and, with the expense of erecting a building obviated, it would take a comparatively short time to establish a flourishing library.

Mt. Vernon, although much smaller than Newark, has a large and fine library. The building is well lighted and roomy, and the reading tables covered with the best periodicals. Shall we let our neighbor surpass us in this enterprise?

What Newark needs is a free library where one can go at any hour every day in the week to read quietly, and it is the duty of every good citizen to make this most needful and desired thing an actual possession.

—E. M. '03.



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## Our Exchanges



One becomes rather tired of reading the same jokes over and over again in the different exchanges. Of course a copied jokes comes in very handy sometimes to fill up space but why not find some of your own?

\* \* \* \*

The Chinese situation is discussed very intelligently in the February number of the X-Rays. The X-Rays contains a picture of the girls' basket ball team. The Newark High school girls have the basket ball fever just at present, and we only hope it will last, as the girls are in need of just such exercise.

\* \* \* \*

The exchange editor of the Comus goes after the exchange columns with a vengeance. It is plain to be seen he takes more pleasure in roasting exchanges than saying nice things about them. However a suggestion now and then is often quite a help if taken in the right spirit, which it should be of course.

We are glad to note the High School News, of St. Louis among our exchanges. It contains plenty of good reading matter.

\* \* \* \*

The Girl of the Period in the last number of the Purple Advocate is a very nicely written article. She does not go into a lengthy discussion of the virtues and faults of the American girl, but it is not always the lengthy articles which count.

\* \* \* \*

He—"What is your name?"

She—"Helen French."

He—"What is it in English?"

\* \* \* \*

"Judge H."—With what is this prisoner charged?

Policeman—With stealing ten bottles of beer.

"Judge H"—(to prisoner)—Guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—Guilty, your honor.

"Judge H"—Prisoner discharged—can't make a case out of ten bottles.

## LITERARY SOCIETIES

The following are the March programs:

### Society A, March 8.

Music.....	School
Oration.....	Leonard Graham
Description.....	Ethel Metz
Select Reading.....	Mabel Anderson
Story.....	Mamie Nichols
Vocal Solo.....	Elizabeth Zentmeyer
Allegory.....	Logan Frye
Current Events.....	Bessie Tracy
Recitation.....	Halleck Hilliard

\* \* \* \*

### Society B, March 15.

Music.....	School
Current Events.....	Bessie Tracy
Recitation.....	Bonnie Coffman
Essay.....	Ida Cree
Select Reading.....	Ema Gault
Essay.....	Earl Seward
Music.....	School
Recitation.....	Mary Adams
Description.....	Norval Kennett
Music.....	School

### Society A, March 22.

Music.....	School
Description.....	Clyde Irwin
Recitation.....	Helen Weiant
Current Events.....	Russel Legge
Oration.....	Florence Grove
Fable.....	Elizabeth King
Recitation.....	Joy Edwards
Essay.....	Richard Owen
Music.....	School

\* \* \* \*

### Society B, March 29.

Music.....	School
Current Events.....	Emmitt Smith
Book Review.....	Ada Sims
Imaginative Story.....	Bright Hilliard
Select Reading.....	Cora Davis
Story.....	Angeline Davis
Description.....	Delia Day
Recitation.....	Pansy Stewart
Music.....	School



## FAVORITE SONGS OF HIGH SCHOOL PEOPLE.

The Innocent Young Maiden Ada White.  
 The Sweetest Story Ever Told, Cora Duncan.  
 Oh, Where, Oh, Where, Has My Little Dog Gone?  
 Shirley Pitser.  
 Goo Goo Eyes, Beulah Hamridge.  
 Abide With Me, Linnie Stewart.  
 Beulahland, Lee Wyeth.  
 Now the Day is Over, Mr. Komer.  
 Take Me As I Am, Leonard Graham.  
 Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here, Roy Hartshorn,  
 Ralph Miller. Earl Seward, Howard Brillhart.  
 My Jersey Lily, Roy Hartshorn.  
 My Maryland, Harry Pigg.  
 There's No Ice Where Bill Is, Mary Neal.  
 There are Things Which Cannot be Explained,  
 Chemistry class.  
 My Money Never Gives Out, Earl Seward.  
 The Saddest Day of All, (Columbus Basket Ball  
 Game).  
 Oh, That Tired Feeling, Mary Haight.

## BOOKS WRITTEN BY HIGH SCHOOL PEOPLE.

Some Women I Have Known, Ralph Miller.  
 Little Men, Fred Metz.  
 Little Women, Ada Odgers.  
 The Flying Dutchman, Don Galbreath.  
 Dream Life, Edwin Stewart.  
 First Violin, Bertha Moore.  
 On Boggs, Bessie Tracy.  
 A Little Journey in the World, Mary Hall.  
 A Chance Acquaintance, Be(a)ulah Hamridge.  
 Cab and Caboose, Leo Davis.  
 Prisoners of Hope, The Senior Class.  
 Side Talks With Girls, Don Galbreath.  
 A Book on Precious Stones, Carl Dayton.  
 Innocents Abroad, Logan Frye.  
 The Reign of Law, Commercial Class in Law.  
 To Have and to Hold, Florence Grove, Garfield  
 Hughes.  
 Besides the Bonnie Prior Bush, Harry Pigg.  
 Milton's Poems, Lucile Harrington.  
 The Art of Telling Stories, Howard Brillhart.  
 How to Become Beautiful, Florence Grove, Howard  
 Brillhart.  
 That Handsome Humes, Prof Humes.  
 Ruby's Reward, by Carl Dayton.

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He who gets credit and runs away,  
 Lives not to get credit another day.

## A SENIOR'S DREAM.

Last night as I lay on my pillow, I had a dream—yes, 'twas a dream. It was about a pitched battle between the two literary societies A. and B. It seems there was not the greatest harmony existing between A and B, so the A's decided to hunt down the B's, where they were camping in a beautiful forest in the suburbs of a small village north of New-ark. Society A, to a member, with their guns on their shoulders, took a street car for this forest. At last the place was reached and going in a large gate they looked over to the opposite hill, where they beheld a long row of cabins, or, as they might be called, "cottages," in and out of the doors of which darted the ever busy members of Society B. The latter espied (may I not call the society a company, since there is to be a strife) Company A. Then the contest began. The ground of Co. B was more advantageous than that of Co. A, as they were on a very large hill, looking across to the smaller hill, upon which their opponents were standing. But between the hills was quite a deep ravine. If one ran down into this ravine his inertia would be so great as to give him a fine start up the next hill. The guns were raised and the firing began.

I do not know whether any one else had my experience or not, but whenever I aimed at one of my deadly enemies and pulled the trigger my gun failed to go off, but my arm would shake and gun turn so that it was with the greatest difficulty that I managed to turn it away in order not to kill one of my own dearly beloved comrades.

The battle continued! Oh! how eager we all were to cut down the ranks of Co. B. Figures were darting up and down the ravine, and it was really amusing, even though it was a moment of great peril to both companies, to see the hand to hand struggle between the president of the Seniors and the secretary of the Seniors, and between the president of the Juniors and the secretary of the Juniors, they being engaged in opposite companies. On, on, they fought until the hour of twilight came and the sun was sinking low, Co. A had retreated to their own hill and there seemed no hope of the contest being settled that night, when, lo! and behold, there came a drop of rain, then another and another, faster and faster they fell, until the courageous(?) members of Co. A rushed to the cottages of Co. B for shelter, and instead of the doors being slammed in their faces (as they rather expected) they were thrown wide open, and Co. A passed quietly into the enemies' cabins. Thus there was then established peace, sweet peace, which I hope will last forever.

Having had enough trouble for one night, I awoke to find it was but a dream, a dream with joy and sorrow blended.

—F. A. G., '01.



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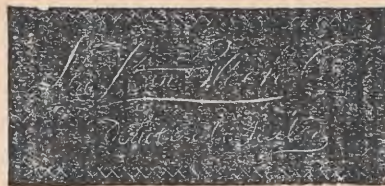
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